



A N

Undone Couple.

A new SONG

AS Thomas and Harry one Midsummer-day,
Were come from a mowing and turning of hay,
Spruce Lucy and Agnes a milking had been,
(Two cleverer lasses you seldom have seen)
They both were fresh colour'd, were tidy and tall,
Had wit and good-humour, and money withal.
But Thomas first spy'd 'em, and said to his friend,
To talk with those milk-maids a while I intend.

Poor Harry was marry'd, yet nevertheless
No dislike he to Tommy's proposal express'd,
But walk'd with spruce Lucy for more than a mile,
And lent her his hand to get over the stile.
Spruce Lucy, quite charm'd with his person and talk,
Ne'er felt her full milk-pail, nor tir'd with her walk;
Till Thomas grew spiteful, and bid him forbear,
Saying, Who for a man that was marry'd would care?

I prithee, says Agnes, now let them alone,
What need you dispute, since each may have one?
There's Lucy, that ne'er knew a pleasure as yet
In ought but meer beauty; I doat upon wit,
And you have abundance; but as for your art,
Tis that which can never win Lucy's fond heart.
His height, his complexion, his features, and air,
Were made just on purpose her heart to ensnare.

He paused a while on what Agnes had said.
He found there was reason and sense in the maid.
He told her, If wedlock was what she approv'd,
She quickly should find that he really lov'd.
And tho' he for ever had made it a jest,
He now was in earnest in what he profess'd.
She answer'd, She thank'd him for what he design'd,
But should see in a month if he held the same mind.

While Harry the fair, with his conduct and art,
Had wound himself into Lucy's fond heart,
She cry'd to part from him, and said, That again
She ne'er should be free from affliction and pain;
And that she had lost all the joys of her life,
The moment she heard he was ty'd to a wife.
While Thomas and Agnes walk'd cheerfully on,
And whisper'd, That her friend and his were undone.